

BOMB BLOWS UP TENEMENT HOUSE, INJURING SCORE

Three Girls Buried Under
Falling Walls—Black Hand
Believed Responsible.

Three sleeping girls were buried under falling plaster and shattered glass in their room on the ground floor of No. 63 First avenue to-day when Black Hand miscreants attempted to murder an entire family with dynamite and imperiled the lives of more than twenty other families, all of whom were asleep in the five-story tenementhouse.

Twenty persons, most of them children, were cut by falling glass and timber. The lower floors of the house and stairs were wrecked, windows of two blocks were shaken from foundation to roof. The neighborhood was thrown into a panic.

Peter Dooley, night watchman for the King Bay Brewing Company, at Thirty-seventh street and First avenue, was standing in front of the brewery building at 2.30 o'clock this morning when a man passed him. The man wore a cap pulled down over his eyes, and from his overcoat pocket a package bulged.

Dooley thought the man's actions suspicious and watched him. He saw him stop in front of the big tenement house and then enter the hall through the door. Dooley drew closer and hid in the shadow. The man came from the basement and passed close to the night watchman, who then saw it was an Italian. The man walked up the street a short distance, then retraced his steps, again entering the tenement house. When he emerged the second time he hurried off in the opposite direction.

Shook Many Buildings.

Dooley had returned to the brewery building when there came an explosion that almost carried him off his feet. So great was the detonation that the brewery building seemed to waver and the houses across the street shook as glass came rattling from windows. Then came screams from all the neighboring tenements, and a minute later the street was filled with an excited half-dressed crowd.

On the ground floor to the south of the tenement, at No. 63, lives Angelo Trascanti, a barber, whose apartments are in the rear of his shop. Immediately back of the shop slept Trascanti's three daughters, Josephine, twelve, Frances, ten, and Jennie, six. In the next room slept Trascanti, his wife, his daughters, Annie, five, and Virginia, two. In the next room to the rear were sleeping the barber's father-in-law, Joseph Warano and his wife.

On the opposite side of the house on the ground floor, the dry goods store of David Friederich, who, with his family, occupies the rear rooms as living quarters. In the first room was Friederich, his wife, his two daughters, Esther, nine, and May, four, and Isaac, a baby. In the next room were Jacob, twelve, and Tillie, nine.

Sought Girls' Lives.

It was plain that the lives of the Trascanti family were the ones sought, and perhaps the three girls were particularly marked for death. The bomb was placed within a foot of the head of their bed and when the explosion occurred the wall separating the hall from the sleeping room curved in and fell, covering the sleeping children, and covering and undressing them from serious injury or death.

The rear walls of the hallway also came down, falling on the sleeping occupants of the other rooms. On the floor directly over the barber lives Thomas Daunt, the janitor; his wife, Lizzie, and four children. Daunt is in the next room. The explosion lifted him from his bed and buried him across the room against a wall, where he lay helpless.

Shattered glass fell on the four sleeping Daunt children, cutting each about the face and body.

When the rumble from the tenement began the families on the upper floors blocked by falling plaster and broken timbers. The stairs leading from the first to the ground floor were wrecked and the frightened men and women, almost all the inmates carrying children, had difficulty climbing to the street.

Out on the avenue hundreds of persons were running about screaming. All seemed to think the explosion had taken place in their own homes.

Buried Under Debris.

Trascanti got his wife and younger children to the street and then missed his three daughters. He ran back into the house and found the girls, all cut and bleeding and half buried under debris. The girls, screaming from fright, were carried to the street.

Some one sent in a call for the fireman. The engine came rattling up about the time the reserve police came from the East Thirty-fifth street station.

The police found the bomb was of sufficient strength to have wrecked the entire building had it been properly placed for its work of destruction. The bomb had broken through the first floor carrying a joint with it and made a big hole in the cellar. Had it been placed higher up the building, the police say, there would have been heavy loss of life.

When detectives arrived from the Italian Bureau they agreed the work had been done by a member of the Black Hand and that the barber and his household had been marked for death.

"When did you get your last threatening letter?" Trascanti was asked by Lieutenant Hoot.

"I have never got any," replied the barber after hesitating.

Dooley was satisfied Trascanti was not telling all he knew, and said so.

"Now, you tell the truth," commanded the lieutenant. "You tell me how many letters you have received, and if the lives of your household have not been threatened."

"I can tell nothing," replied Trascanti, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am a Sicilian, and have lived here fifteen years. I am a peaceable man, and have never had any trouble with any one. My only desire is to make a living for myself and family. That is all I ask."

Nothing more could be got from the barber, and then his wife and children were questioned.

When quiet was restored physicians were called to patch up the cuts and bruises of those who had been struck by falling glass and splintered wood.

DRUCE WITNESS ARRESTED ON SHIP ARRIVING HERE

"Affidavit Maker" Caldwell
Held for Return on Charge
of Perjury.

Robert Caldwell, the aged Staten Islander who has won a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic under the title of the "Great American Affidavit Maker," was arrested to-day when he arrived here on the steamer Kaiserin Augusta Victoria. He may have to go back to England to stand trial for the false testimony which he is alleged to have given last month as a witness at the trial of the famous Druce case. Owing to his ill-health he was admitted to bail this afternoon until Jan. 6.

This old man with the wonderful facility for solving great mysteries by the aid of his own imagination ran away from London a few days ago while he was under surveillance. He booked for second-class passage on the North German Lloyd liner at Plymouth, Paul Christensen, a young lens maker, who said he was Caldwell's friend, looked after the fugitive on the voyage.

Nevertheless, it was an unhappy trip for Caldwell. He was in feeble health and greatly harassed mentally. Soon after the steamer sailed a wireless message brought to her the statement that the English authorities had issued a warrant for Caldwell on the charge of perjury and that the American police had been requested to take him into custody. From that time until early to-day Caldwell was practically in a state of collapse.

As the steamer was coming up the bay Caldwell heard the British authorities had denied that his arrest was desired. Greatly cheered, he went to the cabin to make a declaration of his baggage.

But his respite was only a short one. U. S. Consul Marston Fred Bernhard and Pinkerton man had gone down to quarantine on the revenue cutter to meet the steamer. They found Caldwell, pale but smiling, propped in a big chair in the second class cabin.

"I want you," said Bernhard to him. Caldwell's face dropped.

"What for?" he faltered.

"You're under arrest," explained the deputy.

"Let me see the warrant," said Caldwell.

He took the paper and read it through intently. He accused him of giving false testimony on Nov. 10 while on the stand in the case of the King vs. Druce.

As he finished reading, Walter A. Cabell, from the law office of Battle & Marshall, who had also gone down the bay on the cutter, rushed up to him. "I am your lawyer," said Cabell, "and I advise you not to say anything."

Caldwell's face brightened. He had been getting ready to make a statement to the lawyer's advice. At the Hotel broken Cabell and Bernhard carried him over to the Federal Building in Manhattan for arraignment before the U. S. Commissioner.

In Commissioner Alexander's office Attorney George Gordon Battle asked Caldwell to be admitted to bail, giving as a reason the old man's bad health and the fact that he was a merchant and a friend of the Caldwell family, furnished the bail.

The Commissioner referred the proposition to Judge Higgins, who sent for the physician, Dr. George T. Harrison and Dr. Richard E. Shaw, who examined Caldwell and gave their recommendations. The judge fixed bond at \$5,000 pending further steps in the regulation proceedings.

At the request of the British Consul, Ambassador in Washington, who will apply to the State Department, it was decided to follow by the British Ambassador at New York, acting on the instructions from London, that the initial steps were taken to have Caldwell detained.

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GIRL BEATEN IN INSANE ASYLUM, RELATIVES SAY

Autopsy to Begin Inquiry Into
Death on Ward's
Island.

The coroner's office has begun an inquiry into the death of Miss Molly Preville, a pretty twenty-year-old girl, yesterday in the Manhattan State Hospital for the Insane, on Ward's Island.

The girl's family claim that attendants in the asylum were brutal to her during her short stay there. According to her brother-in-law and her father and mother, Miss Preville showed them scratches and bruises on her body and arms when they visited her recently. They also want to know whether or not the medicine given to the girl had anything to do with her death.

The body is at the Morgue and an autopsy will be performed to-morrow.

The case was reported to the coroner's office by Samuel Berg, superintendent of a branch of the Public Library at 240 E. 121st street. The family of the dead girl went to him with their story.

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HUGHES HAS GRIP AND IS FORCED TO GIVE UP WORK

Governor Cancels His Engagements Here, but Refuses
to Go to Bed.

ALBANY, Dec. 21.—Gov. Hughes was obliged practically to give up work to-day on account of the grip. His physician, Dr. G. E. Gorham, urged him to go to bed for a few days, but he refused to do that, although he remained at the Executive Mansion.

The Governor cancelled his engagements in New York on Monday, which included the dinners of the New England Society and the Kentuckians.

The Governor began to feel ill yesterday, and went home in the afternoon with the characteristic temperature and general discomfort of the grip. Dr. Gorham described his case this morning as "a well developed case of grip."

The Governor attended this morning to his more pressing mail, but probably will not attempt anything else in the way of work until his condition improves. A serious feature of the matter is the fact that he has not yet begun to dictate the final draft of his annual message to the Legislature, and only ten days remain before the day when it must be delivered.

Dr. Gorham said this afternoon: "The Governor's condition is not serious. All there is to it is that he has colds, which probably will be confined to the house for three or four days."

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SQUIRE MET BROADWAY LADY AND LOST ROLL

Up-State Justice Appealed to
Police and They Arrested
Young Woman.

With "an awful headache" and without food which he brought with him to town, a local looking man who announced himself as Justice of the Peace Louis H. Blakely, of Cortland, N. Y., went to Jefferson Market Court to-day to prosecute Blanche Bennett for grand larceny. The Squire says Blanche is a lady he met on Broadway.

His case drew here to him his wife, who is in a sanitarium on Long Island. The visit over, he started out Thursday evening to see if Broadway was what the fellows at Cortland had seen it said it was. It was—and more. Meeting Blanche, the Squire took her to a theatre, and when the show was over they had a bite to eat. Incidentally, they bought a few bottles, and later on went to a hotel in the Tenderloin. More drinks.

When the rural dispenser of single handed justice woke up yesterday he went to the West Thirtieth street station and asked the police to find Blanche. Detectives Rowland and Dwyer captured the young woman, who said she was twenty-seven and lived at No. 210 West Thirtieth street.

She said she didn't take "Squire Blakely's roll, but imagined he had spent more than he thought on wine and birds. They come high here, and reminded the Squire, who parried that defense by saying he had \$150 when he started out and he guessed he could count money all right.

He knew his seventy plunks got away surreptitiously, he said, for even "an awful headache" wasn't sufficient to tangle his trained mind.

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CAUGHT BETWEEN PILLAR AND CAR

Man Badly Injured at Brooklyn
Bridge in Boarding a
Moving Trolley.

One of the long new B. R. T. trolleys, which sweep around the loop tracks at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge, their rear ends almost grazing the steel pillars, trapped a man to-day, smothering his hip. He is Michael Carmo, a barber, of No. 46 Harrison street, Brooklyn, who leaped aboard a Myrtle avenue car as it was swinging around the loop.

Before the patrolmen stationed at the point could drag the man from his position or signal the motorman, he was caught and crushed between the rear end of the car and one of the upright steel posts.

The usual Saturday afternoon crowd of travellers over the bridge, among them hundreds of women, were gathered on the approach, and many witnessed the accident. Women screamed, and one woman fainted.

Dr. Stewart, of the Hudson Street Hospital, found that the barber's right hip was fractured badly.

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